JIM.

Jim was a chap who was in hard luck; He was always unfortunate, always stuck. It wasn't his fault he was out of work; And there was the summer coming on, While his little savings were almost gone, And these words rang in his ear each day: 'No, no, we've nothing that's in your Till the chance of a job looked mighty

slim To poor old Jim.

That's how it was when the war broke out. Jim saw them enlisting all about, And heard the call of the drum and fife, Then he kissed his baby, and kissed his

"It's thirteen dollars a month, you know, Little woman," he said, "and I'd better

go."
So with the baby she watched one day The gallant regiments march away, And murmured o'er, while her eyes grew

"God keep you, Jim!"

Down at San Juan when that charge was made Right into the Spaniards' ambuscade, In a deadly shower of shot and shell, A soldier—one of the bravest—fell. Face downward he lay till the Red Cros

came, And they heard him whisper some loved one's name. "It's no use, boys," with a groan cried

"Look after the others, and don't mind And they said, as they lifted his hat's frayed rim: "Why, it's poor Jim!"

That's about all, for poor Jim died Far from his wife and baby's side, In Cuba there, and the grasses wave Over a soldier's lonely grave. And it's just as certain to me as fate, When Jim's soul got to the heavenly

And asked this question, in hope and "Is there a chance for a Failure here?" "Why, yes!" good Peter called out to

"Come right in. Jim!" -Malcolm Douglas, in Farm and Home.

Lucy's Engagement

ii VOU don't look very amiable to I night, Mr. Dalton," observed Miss Wylde.

the dull city warehouse with her his breath that Miss Wylde did not presence, all observed with joy that hear-something he would have been the lady's left hand was unadorned very sorry for if she had heard. with jewelry of any description, and the general jealousy that arose in the matter of paying her attentions her head. must have been highly to the lady's vanity. The accepted it at present," she said anishly them all, but favored no one in par- "But I must know!" Dalton ticular.

ed through the Then she blushing, and holding her left hand sical peal of laughter. in a manner calculated to display to best advantage an engagement-ring, killing!" which glittered and twinkled cheerfully on the correct finger. Therefore Henry Dalton gazed at

it sorrowfully on the evening in fate. His doleful face only stimuquestion.

"It's quite a quarter of an hour since we met, Mr. Dalton," she remarked, with an amused smile at his troubled face, "yet you've scarcely spoken a word."

handkerchief. Not being sure what face is funny!" he wanted it for, he put it back in his pocket, and coughed apologeti- laughter increased. cally.

"That's encouraging," she laughed. "At all events, it proves that you have a voice."

"Yes," he admitted limply, with another furtive glance at the offending ring.

"I wish you'd say something," she you, much less favor you with my does-that's all." company to-night."

"You look upon it as a favor?" hinted Dalton.

"Of course I do," she said. "I tered, instead of moping there like

"Yes," agreed Dalton absently. "Then why do you do it?" she demanded. "Why don't you say some-

thing pleasant?" Mr. Dalton was silent. He wanted to say something very badly, but the

ring bept him back. "Nice evening, isn't it?" she remarked, with veiled sarcasm, to force

the conversation. "Splendid!" he replied. "How is

-er-your mother, Miss Wylde?"-"Very well, thank you." She nodded smilingly. "It's awfully good of you to inquire about her. She and I way with you men. I suppose you was such that they clothed the legs

living together alone don't make think me anything but pretty now. many friends. We're quite alone in You can't find a word in your mind garments. The following occurrence the world." "How sad," he commented sympa-

thetically.

She looked at him in surprise. "Do you know, Mr. Dalton, that I'm getting sick of office life?"

"Are you?" "Yes." She looked him full in the face as she spoke, and colored slight- ton," she said quietly, "I had no idea was being fitted with double doorsit up."

then, Miss Wylde?" he asked. "I-I don't know exactly. It all de-

pends."

ton. Then he said, with a nervous "Why did you encourage me?" Laugh: "I hardly see why young la- | Something in his voice and man- - London Lancet."

dies should go in for a commercial her tickled her again, and she once life at all. If they're pretty, like-er more indulged in a burst of laughter. -pardon me-you, they're married and out of it before they've time to less flirt!" he burst out angrily. wear out a pen-nib!"

laughed.

"I-I don't know," she replied jerk- | bad!" ily, poking up the gravel with her sunshade. "I've-er-only tried one side of the question, and I don't like it. As for the other side, I--

courage, and edging along the seat towards her.

presently, by way of rounding off her previous sentence.

"You'll have no difficulty about the sack!" that," observed Mr. Dalton, with another glance at the ring.

"No," she agreed listlessly. "I suppose my turn will come some day." Mr. Dalton opened his mouth to as the enormity of his presumption left hand. struck him. Then he opened it again determined to know the worst, and hinted:

"Er-I hope he's in a-er-good position, Miss Wylde."

She looked at him quizzically, a faint smile curving the corners of her mouth.

"Yes," she said slowly, "he's in a good position-good enough for me; but he's so awfully dense!" "Dense!" echoed Mr. Dalton.

"Yes, woefully dense and stupid. I've encouraged him for a long time now, but he's too-er- He won't do as I want him to. I believe if I asked him to he'd run away."

"Some fellows don't know when they're lucky," he observed. "Well, it's not for me to say

whether he's lucky or not," she replied. "I know that I've encouraged him, and he's too dense to see it. Don't you think so, Mr. Dalton?" "I-er-really I don't know the

chap," he confessed, somewhat surprisedly. She looked at him, with her eyebrows wrinkled perplexedly, and

nodded her pretty head. "Oh, yes, you do," she stated em-phatically. "You know him very well ndeed."

"Yes He is employed-er-" she aughed a little confusedly as she stopped in Obvious hesitation; then, lowering her voice, she continued "in the counting-house with you." "Oh!" Mr. Dalton's face first ex-

pressed blank amazement, then utter When Miss Wylde first brightened disgust. He said something under

"What's his name?" he demanded. She pursed up her lips and shook

"I don't feel at liberty to disclose "But I must know!" Dalton burst out. "I have a right to-"

He stopped abruptly, and felt uttercounting-house one morning, un- ly disgusted as she burst into a mu-"Oh, dear," she gasped, "this is

> "It will in the end," said Dalton mournfully, looking at her joyous features, and thinking of his own sad lated Miss Wylde's laughter, and her pretty shoulders heaved convulsively. "I never saw anybody look as sorrowful as you!" she jerked out.

"Your face is funny." "Funny, eh?" he repeated. "You Mr. Dalton fidgeted uneasily on the go and play the deuce with a chap's end of his seat, and pulled out his feelings, and then tell him that his

Miss Wylde nodded feebly, and her

"Yes," she said weakly, "your face

is funny-awfully funny!" Dalton watched her for a moment

in disgust. "I shall hate you soon!" he observed vindictively., "if you don't

stop that sniggering!" "You could never do that," she said, observed plaintively. "If I'd thought rising from her seat, and nodding that you were going to be so moody her pretty head confidently as she and sulky and disagreeable as this stood before him. "A man never

> Dalton gazed at the ring he hated on the finger he loved, and felt that his case was hopeless.

"When a fellow hints at his affecknow lots of other young fellows tion to a girl," he argued within him- prisoner in disgusted tones; "Well, who do, too. You ought to feel flat- self, "and she laughs at him, it's time to chuck up the sponge." Therefore a week, ain't it?" And he marched he determined to be nasty.

"You're not at all devoid of self- line in his face. conceit," he sneered as he rose, too. "Who told you that you were pretty? hangman whispered as he placed the I didn't."

"No; but lots of other fellows have," she asserted, with a pert nod. 'You have, too, in your own way. You haven't told me to my face that forward, and said in an equally low you think me pretty; but you've un- voice, "You might tell me, is-is consciously hinted the fact in more ways than one."

"Then I emphatically retract all my late hints," he said gruffly.

"Yes," she replied calmly, "it's the wicked enough for application to me, at one of the great London hospican you?"

without a word; and, after regarding tion with the post-mortem room him for a moment with an irritating and the secretary of the hospital, smile, she sat down also.

pered."

"You're nothing more than a heart-

"You, being engaged to another fel-"Some prefer it to marriage." She low, have deliberately encouraged me to love you, and now you're "Do you?" he questioned eagerly. laughing at me. Hang it all, it's too Mary gathers a new set of impedi-

"Too-oo funny, you--- Oh, dear me!" she laughed. "You-you're too ridiculous!"

Dalton rose in disgust, and stood "What?" he interrupted, picking up looking down on her wrathfully. "I'll leave you to finish your

laughter in solitude," he remarked, "Might try it some day," she said with angry sarcasm. "And-and I'm hanged if I don't find out the chap that you are engaged to, and get him

This awful threat appeared to have the very opposite result to what Mr. Dalton anticipated, for she laughed more than ever, nodding her head feebly. Dalton stood for a moment ask a question, but shut it promptly in angry indecision, and seized her

> "Who put that ring on there?" he demanded. "I'm going to know before we part to-night!"

Miss Wylde struggled with her mirth for a while, and became suddenly serious. "If you'll promise not to fulfill

your threat of getting the person dismissed, I'll tell you.' "I promise. I didn't mean it," he

pleaded anxiously. "I wouldn't play you such a trick!" "Then," she said slowly, "the per-

on who put that ring on my finger "Yes," he queried eagerly, as she paused, and seemed on the point of

laughing again. dear-myself!" "My-oh, gasped. "You put that on yourself?" he re-

peated. "Why?" It was some time before she was able to speak at all coherently, and Dalton waited impatiently.

"Come, tell me why you engaged yourself to marry yourself?" he demanded eagerly. "I will if you will go away to your

own end of the seat, and promise not to move," she replied. Dalton, in some astonishment, slid

back along the seat, and Miss Wylde | itus.' watched him roguishly. "When I first took up my present

employment," she said, "there were such a nice lot of fellows in the counting-house that I didn't know which I liked best. I tried them all for a little while, and managed to make them all so fond of me that I could see I was going to get into hot water. I liked one better than all the rest, but he was so dense and bashful that I began to be afraid that I should receive the proposals of all the rest before his, and-and I didn't want them. So, to make a long. ever I wished: but I couldn't resist the temptation of teasing him-er-

to-night." "To-night!" echoed Dalton. "Do you-" Then he paused undecidedly. "Now say that you are not dense and stupid!" she said. Then she stamped her dainty foot, looked at him severely, and concluded: "And I

don't believe you care for me at all!" Dalton edged cautiously along the seat towards her, and, as it was nearly dark, he ventured to put his arm round her slim waist.

"Haven't you been rather rough on me-er-Lucy?" he inquired plaint-"You don't mind now, do you, Harry?" she replied with a bright

smile. "I---" What she was going to say further was lost in Dalton's moustache .-London Answers.

Criminals' Grim Jests.

The callousness and even grim numor of condemned criminals is well exemplified by the following stories: On walking to the scaffold I would never have consented to see hates a pretty girl. He thinks he in solemn procession a criminal once called to the governor of the prison, "Just oblige me, Guv'nor," he said, 'by telling me the day o' the week?" 'Monday," answered the surprised governor. "Monday!" exclaimed the this 'ere's a fine way of beginning on with disgust imprinted on every

On another occasion an officious white cap on his victim's head: "If there's anything you'd like to arst me I'll be pleased to answer, yer know." The victim craned his neck this planking safe?"-London Globe.

Prudery in Extremis.

We have all heard of the American ladies whose sense of modesty of their tables and chairs in nether tals is illustrative of feeling every She smiled tantalizingly into his whit as nice. A cold-storage chamface, but Dalton sat down again ber was being constructed in connecon going to see how the work was "When I met you to-night, Mr. Dal- getting on, found that the chamber ly. "I shan't be sorry when I give that we should quarrel. I always and those of small size-instead of thought you a nice fellow, but now I one large door. He made inquiries "Are you thinking of giving it up firmly believe that you are nasty tem- as to the deviation from the original plan, when the chief carpenter, "And I always thought you'd have who was superintending the work, more pity for a chap's affections than replied: "Oh, sir, we are putting in "On him, I suppose," thought Dal- to laugh at them," he observed. double doors and a wooden partition in order to keep the sexes spart!"

PUBLIC SCHOOL EXERCISES.

Some Stirring Samples of Saplency from the Well-Informed and Eager Pupils.

The bell brings another silence. merta and seeks the place assigned. While she corrects exercises she keeps an alert eye on the studying of the 50 over whom she presides, says World's

The exercises are not wholly cheer-

"Apherbility," she reads, "is the state of being an apherbile."

"Afferbility is the state of being incane on one subject only." "Serenade, a greenness as of grass."

"Reverberation, is when it is made again into a verb." "The equator is a menagerie lion running between the north and south

"They climbed Vesuvius to see the creator smoking." "We celebrate the Fourth of July

because Jesus bids us." "Vengeance. Def'n, a mean desire to pay back. Illus'n, 'Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord."

"Ingenious, a stupid person, from in, not, and genious, a smart person." "Discretion, a difference of sex be-

tween animals." "The early Briton wore a skin; he tied it at the waist. He wore legions on his legs. He had eyes of a blue shade which plainly showed his semicivilization. He wore on his feet moe-

die" is plainly palpitate, but why serenade and-discretion?

Some of the most unaccountable and freakish mistakes she copies in a little

"Grand opera. The only Grand Opera I know is Wang." "The Te Deum is a Grand opra."

"The British museum is the principal building in Paris." "Aristides was a god; he was the fe-

male god of Phoenicia." "Hannibal was an early Greek explorer who wrote a book called Herod-

"Virgil was a Vestal Virgin." "As I roamed in the deep woods I saw a herd of greyhounds hunting for "Julius Caesar was the mother of

BITS OF FEMININITY.

Protty Trifles in Dress That Are Now in Favor with the Fashtonables.

Narrow panels at the front of the skirt are new.

the Gracchi."

Lace in a genuine coffee color is story short, I put on my mother's used most effectively on white organ-engagement ring, to keep them at dies, says the Detroit Free Press.

their proper distance. I knew the Shirt-waist gowns of foulard bid rush, in these Builington excursions, the one I liked best was safe enough, fair to be appallingly popular and al. best of all to California.

ready embroidered vokes of bands on the front of the waist are being introduced in order to give some relief to the rather too plain effect. Conspicuous belts are creeping into favor. A navy blue and white foulard is made chic by a belt of red and

white dotted foulard, and the hat is trimmed to match. White and colored taffeta coats are newer than the black, and there is something especially smart and attractive in the white ones to wear

over white and light gowns. An exceedingly elegant costume is made with a box-plaited skirt, that hangs from a hip yoke of the lace, and a blouse, also box plaited, that

includes yoke and cuffs of the Cluny. The linen batistes are made into very smart little gowns for midsummer wear. They are trimmed with lace in points, medallions and insertions, and give a touch of becoming color at the throat and belt. Tucked

blouses fastened at the left. Daintily flowered borders distinmuslin, plain satin foulard, batiste, I on each box. 25c. challi and etamine crystalline.

Very picturesque are the evening gown sleeves, some of which are merely deep plaitings of lace or chiffon, hanging from the shoulders to the elbows and open on the top of the arm. This sort of sleeve necessitates long gloves.

Her Shrimp Salad.

A very young and very inexperienced matron-a well-known society woman of this borough-recently undertook to assume the entire management, even to the smallest detail, of her household affairs, and her directions to the servants are conveyed to them in writing. A few days ago: wishing to have some dainty dish for luncheon, she thought a nice shrimp salad would be the thing, and accordingly wrote her instructions to the cook to prepare the salad and for the purpose to order from the marketman "one small shrimp." The story leaked out, and it will be many days before she will be able to look into the eyes of any of her friends without seeing the small shrimp twinkling therein .- N. Y. Times.

Frightened Off.

"So Ethel delivered her essay at the graduation exercises for over haif an hour. Jack, who was in the audience, must have felt proud of her." "Not at all. He shuddered at the possibility of being married to such

the engagement."-Baltimore Herald. Had His Good Points. "Madge, why do you drag that stupid De Smith with you everywhere

a talker and immediately broke off

Madge-Well, Cholly is stupid, to be sure, dear, but he always wears his clothes to match my dress. - Stray THE HOME GOLD CURB.

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